

Our Living and Our Dead.

VOL. I.

NEWBERN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1873.

NO. 25

Southern War Poetry.

In this column we desire to publish such poetry as is commemorative of events which occurred during the war, or of the sentiments and feelings of those who participated in it, and memorial sketches in verse of gallant officers and men who fell in battle, or signally distinguished themselves. Our supply of poetry on hand is less than any other material, and we respectfully ask those who have such as is suited to the purpose for which we design this column, to add to our small stock. North Carolina can boast of several (ladies and gentlemen) who have poetical talents of high order, and from them we should be pleased to hear at all times.

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

BY D. B. LUCAS.

Choir.

Sing us a song for the Land we love!
O! Minstrel, sing us a song!
Sad as that of a mateless dove,
But make it not, Minstrel, long!

On his viol a master's mother breathed
The last sigh from her mouth—
Oh! thus on thy harp, in cyprus wreathed,
Catch thou the breath of the South!

But, Minstrel, if thou has ever an art,
To teach men to forget—
Reserve that strain for some other heart,
For the South would remember yet!

But touch not for her one vanishing chord,
Her sons would but weep at the strain;
The dream of her pride was dispelled by the sword,
Her laurels encircle the slain!

The citron shall bloom in the orange-grove,
And the muscadine twine as of yore,
But her dear, darling dead, embalmed in her love,
Shall return for their fruit never more!

Then, tuning thy harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
Neath a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Catch the breath of the South, like the spirit of God,
Poured over thy trembling strings!

Minstrel.

The Song of the South with her free flag furled!
My heart grows mute at the prayer!
For the anthem would trouble the heart of the world,
Like the song of a falling star!

And they shall remember that 'twas not alone
'Gainst the odds of her Northern foe,
That she struck when the star of her victory
Shone,
Or sank in her hour of woe!

But the Teuton and Celt, from the Shannon and Rhine,
And the Northman from Ottawa's banks,
Came to barter their blood at Mammon's red
Shrine,
And filled up the enemy's ranks!

Kildare and O'Neal, these sows would be call,
Who for gold in recreant hands,
The chains which ere rusting in Erin's soil,
Have fettered on Southern hands!

Let the victory then to the North remain,
And the shame to the Foreign powers;
The South has enough, amidst all her pain—
For the honor and glory are ours!

So I'll hang my harp o'er the fresh-turned sod;
On a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Till the breath of the South, like the spirit of God,
Pour over my trembling strings!

*Paganini.

YOU CAN NEVER WIN THEM BACK.

You can never win them back—
Never, never!
Though they perish on the track
Of your endeavor:

Though their corpses strew the earth,
That smiled to give them birth;
And blood polates each fever—
Ay, forever!

They have risen to a man,
Stern and fearless;
Of your boasting and your ban
They are careless;

Every hand has grasped its knife,
Every gun is primed for strife,
Every palm contains a life
High and peerless!

You have no such blood as theirs
For the shedding;
In the veins of cavaliers
Was its heading;

You have no such noble men
In your "abolition den,"
To march through foe and fen—
Nothing dreading!

They may fall before the fire
Of your legions,
Paid with gold for murderous hire—
Brought allegiance!

But for every drop you shed
They will make a mound of dead,
That the vultures may be fed,
In our regions!

But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the Judge of right and wrong
Sits in heaven—

While the God of David still
Guides the people, with His will—
There are giants yet to kill—
Wrongs unshriven!

From Official Report November 1st, 1861

REGISTER

OF

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, 1861

Continued from last week.

31st Regt., N. C. Troops, 21st Volunteers, Infantry.

Colonel, Henry B Jordan, E
John V Jordan, F
Lieut. Colonel, Isaac Pipkin, G
Daniel G Fowle, H
Major, Fabius H Perry, H
Captains, Second Lieutenants,
Jesse J Yeates, A
Edison P Steagall, A
Condary Godwin, A
Wm H Tripp, B
Edward H Liles, C
Andrew Betts, C
Langdon C Manly, D
Jesse Miller, E
Julian Pico, F
Willie D Jones, G
First Lieutenants, Thos Pope, F
Wm H Hartman, A
Macon Bonner, B
Wm W Parker, C
Quinton Utley, D

32nd Regt., N. C. T., 22nd Volunteers, Infantry.

Colonel, John Oederholdt, F
Lieut. Colonel, M E Shell, F
William T Williams, G
Major, John W Hoy, G
M W Fotherly, G
Captains, Henry G Lewis, G
J P T C Calhoun, G
Edm'd C Brabble, A
John G Hughes, B
G Gratiot Luke, B
Wm A Duke, I
Wm Sutton, K
John M Moody, K
Ebory A Martin, L
John Ray, L
M M Wilson, E
First Lieutenants, Wm T Bell, C
Leonard L Hassell, A
Wm R Overton, B
Jesse C Shannou, B
A E Bell, F
James W Kinney, F
Joseph W Coker, G
Joseph A Garret, G

33d Regt., N. C. T., 12th State Troops, Infantry.

Colonel, Jas A Weston, B
Lieut. Colonel, Jas M Hunt, C
John A Gibson, C
Clark M Avery, F
Major, Robert A Hauser, F
Robert F Hoke, F
Captains, Richard H Gathin, A
Benjamin P Jenkins, A
Fred H Jenkins, A
Thos W Mayhew, B
Oliver T Parks, C
Robert V Cowan, D
Joseph M Kessler, E
Geo C Stowe, F
Robert Wooten, F
First Lieutenants, Baillett Y Bayle, F
Thos C Hyman, A

34th Regt., N. C. Troops, 24th Volunteers, Infantry.

Colonel, John A Roberts, H
Lieut. Colonel, John L McDowell, I
William A Honck, I
Major, John P Parks, I
Captains, Eli Chandler, A
Martin Shoenner, A
Stephen N Wilson, A
John Edwards, B
M O Dickerson, C
John F Hill, C
David G Waters, D
Wm R Myers, D
Samuel A Hoey, E
James O Simmons, E
Jesse S Spencer, F
Wm L J Lowrance, F
First Lieutenants, Geo M Norment, G
Nelson C Woody, G
Joseph C Byers, H
Francis L Twitty, H
Jesse A Sanders, I
H W Abernathy, I
David R Hoyle, I

35th Regt., N. C. Troops, Infantry.

Colonel, G B Jones, D
Lieut. Colonel, Geo W Hanks, D
David G Maxwell, F
Major, Chester G Cox, A
Owen F Costan, A
Thos J Blackwell, B
Captains, A M Erwin, B
W B Halyburton, B
Hardy J Lasater, C
John G Jones, C
Wm R Rankin, E
Hugh M Dixon, E
First Lieutenants, Wm G Worris, E
Simon B Taylor, F
B T Bynum, F
Robert E Petty, C

36th Regt., N. C. Troops, Artillery.

Colonel, Henry R Daniel, B
Lieut. Colonel, Jas M Stevenson, C
James D Cumming, C
Major, John S McArthur, D
Jno M McKimmon, D
Jas M Dranghon, E
Captains, Lawrence Lancaster, E
Samuel B Bunting, A
Thos J Perdie, B
John J Hedrick, C
Malcom McNeil, C
James M Mayo, E
John A Richardson, F
First Lieutenants, Jas B Higgins, B
Samuel R Bowden, A
David E Bunting, A
Robt M Devane, B

Wanted.

An active, enterprising young man to act as Agent for OUR LIVING and OUR DEAD in every town and county in North Carolina. Cannot our friends give us the names of such?

TAKING THE OATH:

OR

A Passage at Arms After Peace.

It was a bright May morning about three weeks after General Sherman had taken possession of Raleigh, when Rosa Bently, a beautiful girl of seventeen, entered the room in which her friend Mrs. Edwards sat busily engaged ripping off the gold lace from the sleeves of a Confederate-grey uniform coat, and replacing the naval buttons with plain black ones. She looked up as the door opened and smiled when she saw Rosa's pretty face, saying pleasantly,

"Come in dear, I am busy reconstructing Frank's coat, so you must excuse my getting up."

"You had better reconstruct your own heart first," growled a gentleman in the uniform of the U. S. Army, who rose as he spoke, and handed a chair for the young lady who had just entered.

"Come, Colonel, don't be sarcastic, you know I am one of your converts, don't disgust me with severity or I may recant.—Col. Gibbs you must know Rosa dear, has been trying to make a Unionist of me ever since he has been here, and his modesty won't allow him to enjoy the fruits of his labors, don't mind him, he is really proud of his success, and thinks he has done wonders in inducing me to remove 'the insignia of rebellion,' as he calls these pretty buttons, from Frank's coat. I thought at first I would cover them with black; but he was not satisfied with that, so I am taking them off just to please him, and obey the order. Sit down, child, and be converted too, for you are as bad a little Rebel as I used to be."

"You mean as you are, Mrs. Edwards, my conversion of you is like your covering Frank's buttons. What do you think she did Miss Bently, after promising to be a law-abiding citizen, and take the insignia of rank off from her son's coat, she sat up here yesterday ostentatiously covering these C. S. buttons with black crepe. You said then that you were putting them in mourning for your country, now for your sins. Oh, you are hopeless," and he shook his head at Mrs. Edwards with a mocking serious air, and sighing deeply added, "God help the man who undertakes to convert you from your rebellious sentiments."

"Now, Colonel, that's too bad of you, said the lady stiching violently at the coat and pricking her finger instead, and she squeezed a drop of blood out of her finger as she spoke, and you sit there slandering me, and trying to make me out a hypocrite. I never promised to become a law-abiding citizen, but an order-obeying subject, two very different things. I can't be a citizen can I, unless I am represented in the government? It's time enough to be talking about my duties as a citizen when I am one. At present I am only—"

"A pretty woman talking nonsense," interrupted Col. Gibbs. "This is a fit emblem of your heart," he continued, taking up one of the buttons covered with black crepe, "rebellious at the core, with only a thin veil drawn over it to avoid the penalty you would incur did you openly display your sentiments."

"My dear Colonel how well you read me, said the lady complacently, "Confederate at heart and only obeying the order issued by the Prefect of the Prætorian guards to escape the penalty of disobedience. I take that—"

"Do stop quarrelling and listen to me," said Rosa Bently, "I want your help Mrs. Edwards to get some horses from the commandant of the Post for our plantation, and before you are arrested for impertinence to an army officer you must get them for me."

"Arrested for impertinence to Col. Gibbs my dear Rosa! what are you thinking of? He has known me for ten years, taking out the four he has served in the U. S. Army, and would never dream of reporting me unless I was to say, as Lily Williams, who was arrested last week, is reported to have done, that I was glad of Mr. Lincoln's death, and he knows that I am very sorry for that, for it's very bad for the South," and she looked maliciously at him, "so don't be alarmed my dear, he growls horribly at me, for all he denies it, and knows that like him, I am not as bad as I seem to be; he has really brought me round to praying for the President of the United States."

"It's the first I have heard of it," replied Col. Gibbs, "when did you begin?" for though you did not jump up off your knees, as some of the ladies did in Church last Sunday, you shut your prayer book up and did not say amen to the prayer."

"No, because my cough took me violently just at the very time I ought to have done so; you know what a bad cold I have, but I made up for it when we came to the litany, Colonel, for I thought of you, President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and the whole yankee nation including Sherman and his army, and responded audibly when Dr. Mason said 'may it please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers, and turn their hearts.'"

"I know that you are never at a loss for answer, and that to reason with a woman

is about as useless as it would be to try and carry water in a sieve."

"Wait till it freezes and then you can do it, Colonel, and when my woman's heart is frozen perhaps I may hear what you call reason on the question of my country's wrongs. But you know I always give up when I am convinced, as I did yesterday on the subject of elevating the negro. You must know, Rosa, part of Col. Gibbs' plan is to make me a missionary and send me out among my benighted sisters to convince them that emancipation is the law of christianity, and it's our duty to elevate the negro, so as he will be fit to enjoy and appreciate the blessings of freedom. I could not see the force of his argument until about an hour afterwards when walking down town with him I saw a negro man tied up by the thumbs for stealing; when I immediately turned round and told him that I understood now what he meant by elevating the negro, though I was still so benighted as to prefer his degradation."

"It's the truth Miss Bently," said Colonel Gibbs smiling, "Mrs. Edwards is just the most incorrigible and provoking little rebel I ever encountered. If Gen. Johnston's army had been composed of ladies like her, Gen. Sherman would have been lost in the swamps. There is no fighting her, and yet she pitches into us officers in fine style. By all means get her to go with you, if you have any favor to ask of the commandant of the Post. It's well for her I don't hold that position. She snubs that gentleman just as she does me; says the sandest and most sarcastic things to him in the mildest and most amiable manner, and just as he begins to think how nice it is to be patient and smoothed over so by a lady, he finds the blister plaster she is rubbing in, and all he can do is to wince under it and bear it."

"Come Colonel, don't let your jealousy get the better of you; he does not like me to be amiable or agreeable to any one but him, Rosa, so don't mind what he says about Col. Graham, I'll make him go with us to the State House to ask for what you wish if you will tell me what it is."

"You won't need me Miss Rosa, Graham says Mrs. Edwards has greater conversational powers than any woman he has met at the South—you and she can get any thing you want without my help."

"Don't believe him Rosa, I was so 'sassy' to Col. Graham the other day that sister expected I would be arrested immediately, and when he made that pretty speech about my conversational powers—she said she thought of old Mrs. Watsons when Mr. Lovejoy told her that her son Billy was the best boy in her school, and was on the point of saying, as she did, 'If Boy the best God save the toddlers.' Come Colonel get you hat and go with us to the State House to see Col. Graham about these horses."

"I'll go to the door with you, but I am not going in, Graham may fight his own battles with you, if I am there you will turn on me the first thing I know."

"Oh, we are not going even to skirmish, and I don't mean to open my mouth except to introduce Rosa, her pretty face will do twice as much as my conversational powers, I mean to reserve those entirely for your benefit."

"I'm very much obliged, to you," said the Col. drily.

"I am sure of it. How many horses did the bummers steal from your father's plantation Rosa, since his peace 'that passeth understanding' was declared?"

"Forty, but I only want to get back five, for they took all the corn too, and father can't feed more than that number; it seems that if we can identify our 'critters' we can get them back, and if not can take any that are in the cattle yard, pledging ourselves to restore them to the government when called for. Father has sent Jack up her with a letter telling me to get him five, and uncle John says I must apply in person for them, and as I knew you were acquainted with Col. Graham I came over to get you to go with me."

"Come then."

The ladies soon reached the door of the State Comptroller's Office, now occupied by the Commandant of the Post, where Col. Gibbs, in spite of their entreaties, left them in the care of the orderly in waiting, who ushered them at once into the presence of Col. Graham of the U. S. Army.

Rosa's beautiful face grew more beautiful from the blush that suffused it as he drew the paper towards him and took up a pen to write the note for her, for Mrs. Edwards had whispered to her, "make him get them for you, you can do it."

"Thank you Col. Graham, but don't write the note, indeed I cannot deliver it, I have done more now than I thought it possible for me to do in coming in to your office to ask you to do a favor for me, I can't go into another officer's office to day, it's simply impossible; I would not have come here had not Mrs. Edwards told me how kindly you feel towards southern ladies." Here Mrs. Edwards retreated to the alcove of the window and laughed behind her parasol, while a smile crossed the face of the Commandant he gave her a sly look which said as plainly as words could do, "I'll have my laugh too Mrs. Edwards before we part."

"I know you can get the horses for me if you will," continued Rosa mockingly, "you only say that you cannot because you are kind hearted and do not like to refuse a lady anything, this other gentleman may not be like you, and then I shall still say impertinent things and get arrested; or if he is like you it will only be a waste of time to go to him, he will be very sorry he can't oblige me and there it will end."

"But I assure you, Miss Bently, I have no authority to order the horses to be turned over to you; and Major Williams has, he will do so and you had better let me write the note introducing you and requesting him to attend to you at once. I would give them to you immediately if I could, but if I needed them for my own use I should have to go through the form of making a requisition for them myself."

"Go through the form then Colonel Graham, and let me get them from you; can't you do that? Indeed I cannot trust myself in another office, or put myself in the hands of another officer, and she looked so pretty, so child-like, and wistful had such an air of confidence in Col. Graham's tender mercies, as well as in his willingness and ability to serve her, that she was perfectly irresistible.

"It would not be exactly *selon regle*, he began when again catching Mrs. Edwards' eye they both burst out laughing, *mat-nature* could stand no more, and jumping up from his seat Col. Graham said abruptly,

"You shall have the horses, Miss Bently, I will as Commandant of the Post make a requisition on the Quartermaster for five of his best horses to be used for post duty, they will then be under my control, and I will run the risk of turning them over to you. It's a mere form, Government will never demand them again."

"I suppose not," said Rosa demurely, "and I don't see what you and Mrs. Edwards are laughing at, I assure you I am in earnest, and never would have trusted myself with any one but you, Col. Graham. I should certainly have been arrested if I had been talking to an officer who did not feel kindly to us; with every disposition to behave myself there is something in me that causes me to rebel, whenever I begin to talk to an army officer, and I can't help saying impertinent things to him. So I have to thank you for these horses. But are they worth anything? You know if I am to be thankful, I would like to know just how thankful I ought to be, and she looked more provokingly pretty than ever."

"Well, if I must be candid, Miss Bently," said Col. Graham with a smile of amusement on his face, "I don't think there is a horse in the Quartermaster's yard that's worth what he eats in a month; but I will have those he sends me carried up to you, and you can decide for yourself whether they are worth being thankful for."

"At any rate I thank you for your kindness," said the young lady beaming a smile upon him, "Come Mrs. Edwards, we had better not trouble Col. Graham any longer, he must be very busy."

"Stop a moment, Miss Bently," said the Colonel gravely, "you have not taken the prescribed oath yet. I can't turn the horses over to you until I have administered that, you know, and you had better take it before you go."

"I did not know it was necessary to take the oath before getting them Col. Graham, or I should not have troubled you about them. I cannot take it," said Rosa decidedly.

"Wait until you hear it, Miss Bently, perhaps you will think better of it then, and find that you can do so."

Rosa shook her head, "No, sir, I can never promise to love, honor and obey the civil authority of the United States."

"Nor the military either, Miss Bently?" asked the Colonel twirling his mustaches as he spoke and looking quizzically at her.

"The catechism says—honor and obey the civil authority dear, but nothing about loving it," said Mrs. Edwards.

"Take care, I shall have to arrest you if you say bad words," said the Colonel playfully, "Mrs. Edwards, what does make the Southern ladies so bitter against us—your enmity would be absurd were it not distressing."

"I presume Colonel, we are absurd from a loyal desire to render ourselves worthy of, and suitable for, the company we are obliged to keep, and she bowed sarcastically to him as she spoke.

"Ah, I might have known I'd catch it from you,—you never lose an opportunity of using the only weapon a lady can use, your tongue, effectively. See if you can't persuade Miss Bently to take the oath I am about to offer her. Raise your right hand Miss Bently and swear on this Almanac never to abuse the yankees again, and to repent of all your former sins in that line."

Rosa shook her head again, but this time with a smile.

"Come dear, the Colonel says I must persuade you to it, so I will tell you to remember the old maxim 'needs must when the devil drives.' Perhaps its the Almanac she objects to Colonel. I've heard they swear voters in, in New York on Webster's Dictionary, she would not object to taking it on that if you would let her raise her left hand instead of her right; left-handed marriages are allowed to crown heads you know, why not left-handed oaths to ladies, we would not object to them if like the marriages they could be broken at will."

"That's a back-handed blow at me, Mrs. Edwards, but if Miss Bently objects to the Almanac, I'll substitute the bellows, they are a wind instrument and as such worthy to be sworn on in this case, for the oath, like all that is forced on Southern ladies, is as idle as the wind; now, Miss Bently, raise your left hand and promise on this wind instrument, under fear of the demolition of your bonnet from this terrible weapon made by wicked rebels to murder just Union men, that you are sorry for past sins and won't do so any more, and he held the bellows to her with one hand, while with the other he raised aloft an immense pike manufactured for the purpose of arming the Confederate cavalry when sabres began to run short.

"I think I can take that oath," said the young lady with a demure smile, "for as I regarded it my duty to abuse the yankees, of course it was not a sin," and therefore not to be repented of, and I have done so much of it, and so entirely from the bottom of my heart abused and hated the yankee nation from President Lincoln up, that I think I may be released from doing so in future, and I therefore promise hereafter whenever I am tempted to say there was not a gentleman in Gen. Sherman's army I'll except Col. Graham. Is that sufficient sir?"

"I declare Miss Bently you are too bad," said the Colonel dropping the bellows and pike, "I can assure you there are hundreds of men, as well as officers in Gen. Sherman's army who will extend any kindness to you, that it was in your power to, did you need it; The devil is never so bad as he is painted Mrs. Edwards, even if he does win sometimes, he added turning to that lady.

"So we have discovered Colonel, we know now he is only a very dark blue," and she touched his coat with the end of her parasol, and smiled sweetly as she did so.

"Oh you are perfectly incorrigible! But Miss Bently I hope you won't believe half that you have heard of us, remember —"

"Oh I don't sir I assure you, people will exaggerate, I know I heard a gentleman say the other day that General Sherman was a good, as well as a great man, and I did not believe even half of that."

"What! not count him great when he has conquered Gen. Jos. Johnson?"

Certainly she does Colonel, as great as Xerxes at the battle of Thermopylae, but you can never get a southern woman to confess that Johnston was defeated, he only retreated before a superior force."

"Just as I shall have to do," said the Colonel two ladies are too much for one man, when no weapon can be used but the tongue, Miss Bently has wounded me more severely than any bullet ever did, and I can make no impression on her."

"Were you ever wounded?" asked Rosa in a tone, and with an air of interest very flattering to Col. Graham's vanity.

"Several times, but never as deeply as you have wounded me, though I am still suffering from the effects of a bullet through my arm."

"Still suffering? Oh, I am so glad!" and her beautiful face became still more beautiful from the look of interest she threw into her large soft eyes as she raised them to Col. Graham's face, adding "Revenge is sweet."

"Is there anything left of you Graham?" asked Colonel Gibbs opening the door at that moment.

"Nothing Colonel, I have surrendered rescue or to rescue to Miss Bently who is rolling her revenge as a sweet morsel under her tongue."

"I expected nothing less than you would put Mrs. Edwards under arrest, and have been waiting out side for about

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]